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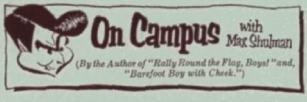

THE CLOTHES YOU SAVE MAY BE YOUR OWN

In this column we take up fashions for college men, which means of course, the Ivy Look. Today's Ivy Look clothes have made a great stride forward. Not only do they have thin lapels, three buttons, narrow trousers, and a minimum of shoulder padding, but —*now hear this!—this year they are actually covered with ivy!*

This new development, while attractive beyond the singing of it, nevertheless gives rise to certain hazards. For instance, people keep trying to plant you on Arbor Day. Indeed, this is precisely what happened to two SAE's of my acquaintance, Walter R. Gurlash and Fred Rasp. Before they could protest, they were snatched up, planted, limed, and watered, and today they support a hammock in Cut and Shoot, Vermont.

People keep trying to plant you on Arbor Day...

Let us now discuss shirts. Again this year the campus favorite is the good old Oxford with button-down collar and barrel cuffs. This is without doubt an admirable garment, but let me ask you a question: if you don't wear anything but Oxfords, what do you do with all the cuff links people have been giving you for your birthday since you were twelve years old?

Well sir, some fellows have their wrists pierced, but what E. Mackenzie Sigafoos, a Chi Psi of my acquaintance, did was to take a dozen pairs of his handsome gold monogrammed cuff links and string them together in a charm bracelet for his girl, Jo-Carol Isobar.

(It turned out, incidentally, to be a mistake. In short order so many admirers accrued to Jo-Carol on account of her gorgeous bracelet that she grew tired of plain old E. Mackenzie, and one night when she was seated on a bench in Lovers Lane throwing sticks for E. Mackenzie to retrieve, she suddenly, cruelly, without warning, told him they were through.

"I am heartbroken," said E. Mackenzie, heartbroken. "But if go you must, give me back my charm bracelet."

"No, I will keep it," said Jo-Carol.

"What for?" said E. Mackenzie. "You can't wear it. The initials on the cuff links are all mine—E.M.S."

"Ha, ha, the joke is on you," said Jo-Carol. "Yesterday I was voted Miss Chinese Restaurant of 1958."

"So?" said E. Mackenzie.

"So," replied Jo-Carol, "E.M.S. does not stand for E. Mackenzie Sigafoos. It stands *for Eat More Subgum!*"

A broken man, E. Mackenzie today squeezes out a meagre living as a pendulum in Cleveland, Jo-Carol was killed in a tong war.)

But I digress. We were talking about well-dressed men, and the one essential for every well-dressed man—and every well-dressed woman too—is a well-dressed cigarette—neat, compact, flavorful, and correct for work or play, sunshine or shower, repose or revelry, darkness or light. And where does one find such a perfect companion? Just go to any tobacco counter and ask for Philip Morris. Ask for it in long size or regular. Ask for it in soft pack or hard. But ask for it; that's the important thing. Don't just stand there making cryptic gestures at your tobacconist. He may be armed.

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